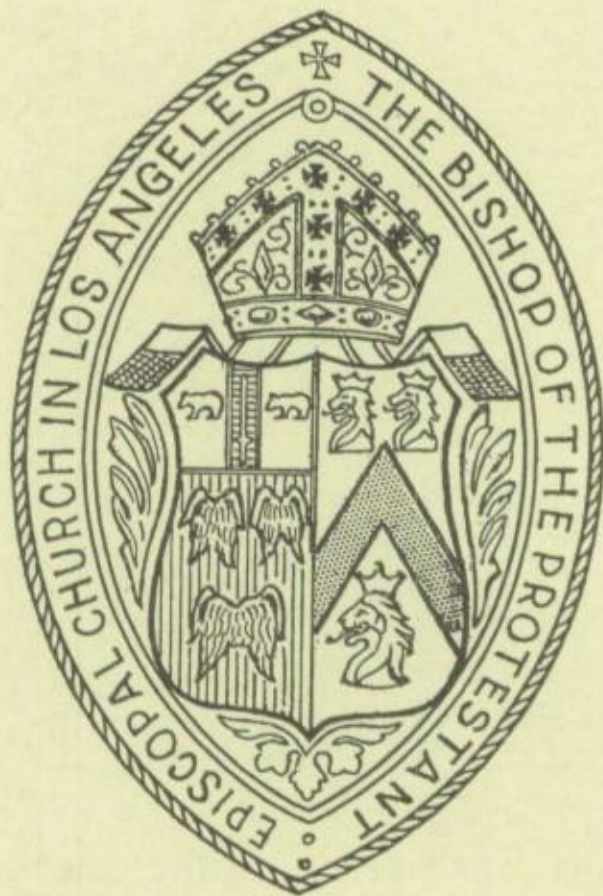




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1938



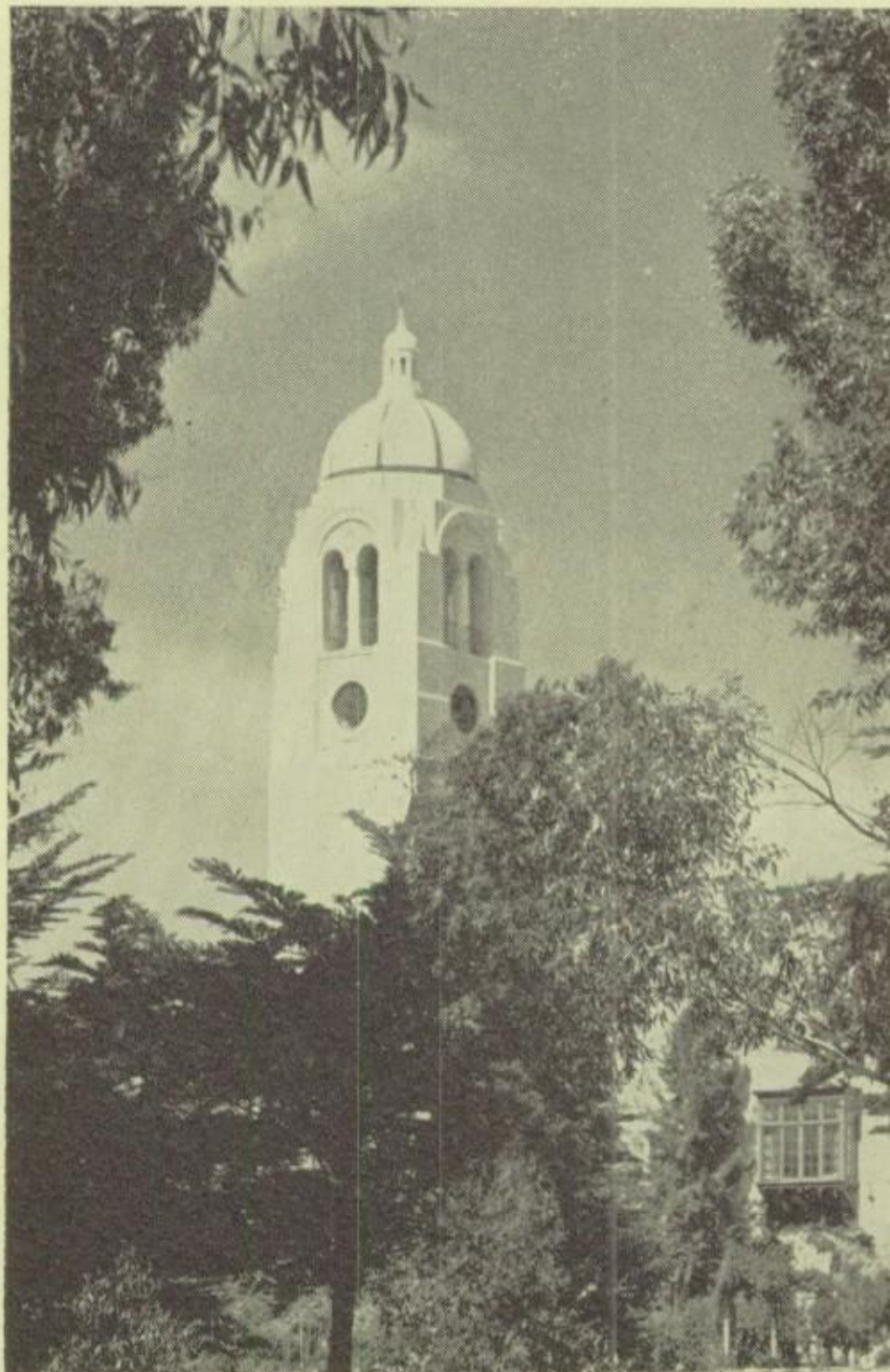
F O R E W O R D

Simplicity and Strength walk together. They fly through the great fog banks that sit far out to sea; they bind green grass with the steel spun path of a snail; they lie on our red floors in bars of sunlight that stretch through the latticed blinds. They look out of the Cup of Gold hanging from its vine on the arcade wall; they make a clean rent in the sky with our flagpole as it needles up — strong and slim. They travel very swiftly, too often alone. Go and run with them — speak to them, live with them and make them your own, for they are good.



DEDICATION

We gratefully dedicate our nineteen-
thirty-eight edition of El Miradero to
Mr. Hayden.



A P P R E C I A T I O N

In this picture of our life labeled school days, one figure stands in the foreground and leads the way. Her understanding is tinged with shades of intelligent judgment; she gives her time to listen to us or discuss with us our serious and humorous affairs. Our interests are hers, she shows wisdom and foresight in her helpful advice when aiding us to decide our futures. We may justifiably say that three words are symbolized by our head-mistress—simplicity, sincerity, serenity.



CLASSES

I am like a flag unfurled in space,
I scent the oncoming winds and must bend with them,
While things beneath are not yet stirring,
While the doors close gently, and there is silence in the chimneys,
And the windows do not yet tremble and the dust is still heavy—
Then I feel the storm and am vibrant like the sea
And expand and withdraw into myself,
And thrust myself forth, and am alone in the storm.

RAINER MARIA RILKE.





EMILY McNAIR

Success in the hollow of her hand.

Entered Boarder	'36
Hockey Team	'37
Swimming Team	'37
Riding Meet	'37
Riding Club	'
Tennis Club	'
"Ye Masqueraders"	'37, '38
Christmas Plays	'36
June Play	'37
Mid-Term Plays	'36, '37, '38
Class President	'38
Camera Club	'37

PEGGY ANDREWS

How can I rival the flying wind's swiftness?

Entered Day Pupil	'33
Re-entered Boarder	'35
Prepared for Stanford	
Lower School Athletic Pin	'34
Class President	'34, '35, '37
Glee Club	'35, '37, '38
Tennis Club	'35, '36, '37, '38
Tennis Team	'35, '36
Hockey Team	'35, '36, '37, '38
Basketball Team	'35, '36, '37
Swimming Team	'35, '37
Hiking Club	'36, '37, '38
Purple Pi Staff	'35, '37
El Miradero Staff	'36
St. Mary's Guild	'37
Purple Cheer Leader	'37
Orchestra	'37, '38
Fieldball Team	'37
Purple Captain	'38
Athletic Cup	'38



BERTHA LEE BENT

*Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.*

Entered Boarder	'35
Tennis Club	'36, '37, '38
Hiking Club	'36, '37
Hockey Team	'36, '37
Altar Guild	'36, '37, '38
"Ye Masqueraders"	'36, '37, '38
June Plays	'36, '37
May Day Plays	'37, '38
Christmas Plays	'35, '36, '37, '38
Recreation Room Committee	'37
Glee Club	'38
Law and Order Committee	'37
Law and Order Committee Chairman	'38
Sextette	'38



THEO TAFT BROWN

*I went forward as the light goes forward in
early spring.*

Entered Boarder	'36
Prepared for Bennett J. C.	
Secretary-Treasurer	'37, '38
Hockey Team	'37
Glee Club	'38
Altar Guild	'38
Gold Song Leader	'38
Library Committee	'38
Shuffle Board Team	'38
Christmas Play	'38
Spring Play	'38
"As You Like It"	'38
June Play	'38



MARY TOWNSEND CAPEHART

*Lightly as a dream I rose,
By all the magic drawn.*

Entered Boarder	'33
Prepared for Swarthmore	
Secretary-Treasurer Lower School	'33
Tennis Club	'33, '34
Glee Club	'34, '35
Swimming Team	'35, '36
Track Team	'35, '36, '37
Basketball Team	'36, '37
Hockey Team	'36, '37, '38
Field Ball Team	'37
President Hiking Club	'35, '36, '37
Hiking Club	'38
Purple Pi Staff	'35, '36, '37
Literary Editor Annual	'37
Editor-in-Chief Annual	'38
St. Mary's Guild	'35, '36, '37
Honor Pin	'36

WINIFRED DUDLEY

*Simplicity and sincerity are ever the truest marks
of superiority.*

Entered Boarder	'37
Prepared for Smith	
Hiking Club	'37, '38
Field Ball Team	'37





MARGARET GEARING

I saw her singing at her work.

Entered Boarder	'36
Prepared for Smith	
Tennis Club	'36, '37, '38
Hiking Club	'36, '37, '38
Swimming Team	'37
Recreation Room Committee	'38
Library Committee	'38
Purple Song Leader	'38

HELEN GREEN

My heart is like a rhyme.

Entered Day Pupil	'36
Prepared for Stephens	





BEVERLY HUSE

It was her thinking of others that made us think of her.

Entered Boarder	'36
Altar Guild	'36, '37
Hockey Team	'37
Basketball Team	'36, '37
Tennis Team	'37
"Ye Masqueraders"	'37
Glee Club	'36, '37
President of Tennis Club	'37, '38
Riding Club	'36, '37, '38
Secretary-Treasurer of Gold Team	'37, '38
Hiking Club	'36, '37

ELIZABETH HYMAN

*A Mind at peace with all
A heart whose love is innocent.*

Entered Boarder	'35
Purple Pi Staff	'35, '36
Riding Club	'35, '36, '37, '38
Tennis Club	'35, '36, '37
Camera Club	'36
Library Committee	'36
Hockey Team	'37



JO BOBBIE INNES

I come bearing you bright fruits, sweet and ripe.

Entered Boarder	'35
Prepared for Mills	
Junior Journal	'36
Literary Editor Annual	'37
Field Ball Team	'37
Camera Club	'36, '37
Hiking Club	'37, '38
Christmas Play	'35
Mid-Term Plays	'35, '37, '38
June Plays	'36, '37
Easter Plays	'38
"Ye Masqueraders"	'37, '38



NATALIE JANE KEISEL

Favors to none—to all she smiles extends.

Entered Day Pupil	'32
Prepared for Stanford	
Assistant Editor Rarebits	'33, '34
Manuscript Pin, Lower School	'33, '34
Tennis Club	'34, '35, '36, '37, '38
Tennis Team	'36, '37



ANN KENYON

If your heart is as kind as your young eyes now.

Entered Day Pupil	'35
Basketball Team	'37
Swimming Team	'35, '36, '37
Tennis Club	'35, '36
Hiking Club	'36
Assistant Editor Junior Journal	'37

PLACIDE KERRICK

She dwelt among the untrodden ways.

Entered Boarder	'36
Prepared for Mills	
Glee Club	'38
Hiking Club	'36, '37
Altar Guild	'37
Junior Journal Staff	'37



CAROLYN LAVENDER

*If thou appear untouched by solemn thought
thy nature is not therefore less divine.*

Entered Boarder	'36
Prepared for University of Colorado	
Mid-Term Plays	'37
Christmas Plays	'36
Riding Club	'37
Riding Meet	'37
Tennis Club	'36, '37
Hiking Club	'37, '38
Swimming	'37
Library Committee	'38
Camera Club	'37



FRANCES LENGFELD

Thoroughness is always born of an orderly mind.

Entered Boarder	'36
Prepared for Stanford	
Christmas Plays	'37
May-Day Plays	'37
Mid-Term Plays	'37
"Ye Masqueraders"	'37
Honorary Member of "Ye Masqueraders"	'38
Glee Club	'38
Hockey Team	'37
Tennis Team	'37, '38
Tennis Club	'37, '38
Tennis Club Secretary	'38
Honorary Member of Brick Staff	'38
Riding Club	'37
Honor Pin	'37



JANE MERCER

I longed so heartily then and there to give her the grasp of friendship.

Entered Day Pupil	'36
Prepared for William and Mary	
Gold Brick Staff	'37
Archery	'38
Mid-Term Plays	'37

FRANCES MORGAN

You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke.

Entered Day Pupil	'31
Re-entered Day Pupil	'37
Honor Pin	'33
Editor Rarebits	'33
Swimming Team	'34
Tennis Team	'37
Glee Club	'34, '38



JANET MOORE

Little flower, but if I could understand what you are.

Entered Boarder	'36
Prepared for Stanford	
Mid-Term Plays	'37
Purple Pi Staff	'37
Editor of Pi	'38
Honor Pin	'37
Glee Club	'38



MARJORIE MOORE

I know a little garden, close set thick with lily and red rose.

Entered Day Pupil	'36
Prepared for Scripps	



MONDA PARDY

Oh world, I cannot hold thee close enough!

Entered Day Pupil	'32
Glee Club	'34, '38
Hockey Team	'35
Editor Junior Journal	'37
Swimming Team	'35

JANE REASONER

Ready are all to reward her.

Entered Boarder	'36
Re-entered Day Pupil	'38
Prepared for University of Nebraska	
Assistant Editor El Miradero	'37
Business Manager El Miradero	'38
Ye Masqueraders	'37
Honorary Member Ye Masqueraders	'38
Purple Secretary-Treasurer	'38
Law and Order Committee	'37, '38
Basketball Team	'37, '38
Hockey Team	'37
Field Ball Team	'38
Riding Club	'37
Hiking Club	'37
Christmas Play	'36, '37



HONORE SHARRER

She shut the cold out, and the storm made the cheerless grate blaze up, and all the cottage warm.

Entered Boarder	'35
Re-entered Day Pupil	'37
Prepared for Yale Fine Arts	
Hiking Club	'36, '37
Piping Guild	'37
Altar Guild	'37
Camera Club	'37, '38
Hockey Team	'38
Basketball Team	'37
Swimming Team	'36, '37
Field Ball Team	'38
Track Team	'37
Assistant Art Editor Annual	'37
Art Editor Annual	'38
Editor Gold Brick	'37
Day Pupil Chairman	'38
Gold Cheer Leader	'38
Law and Order Committee	'37
May Queen	'38



DOROTHY SHORT

And this should be the wise man's pattern.

Entered Boarder	'36
Brick Staff	'36, '37
Tennis Club	'36, '37
Christmas Play	'36
Camera Club	'37



RUTH WHITNEY

I shall take my scattered selves and make them one.

Entered Day Pupil '36

Prepared for Stanford

Annual Staff '38

Day Pupil's Room Committee '38

ELEANOR WILKINSON

My heart is warm with the friends I make.

Entered Day Pupil '36

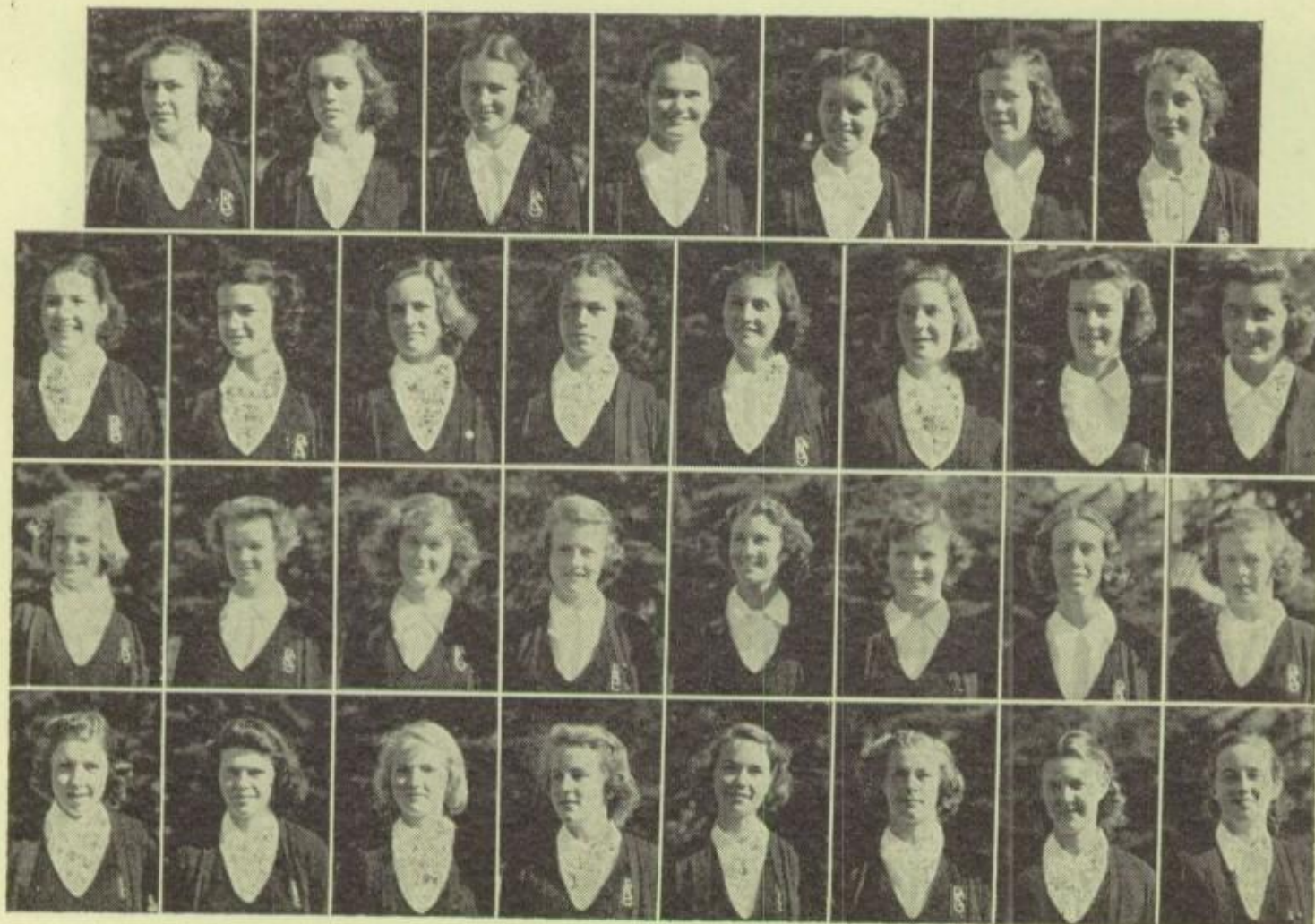
Prepared for William and Mary College

Vice-President Junior Class '37

Junior Journal Staff '37



JUNIOR CLASS



President	-	-	-	-	-	Daphne Eaches
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Patricia Gibbs
Class Advisor	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Hawkins

First Row: Camilla Austin, Janet Warner, Martha Lou Short, Mary Jane Mendelsohn, Mary Marston, Merrill Willson, Lee Goebel, Bette Holt (not in photograph).

Second Row: Ann Austin, Katherine Doust, Ellis McKellar, Dorothy Clarke, Peggy Samuels, June Sugg, Lee Stewart, Kathleen Sheridan.

Third Row: Ann Sverdrup, Peggy Scripps, Barbara Slater, Nancy Nilon, Barbara Brandt, Elizabeth Grayson, Patricia Gibbs, Martha Dougherty.

Fourth Row: Jane Borland, Virginia McCabe, Betty Chapman, Daphne Eaches, Carol Smith, Patsy Marsh, Ellen Torrey, Betty Bernhard.

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Standing: Phyllis Meeker, Dorothy Greenwell, Suzanne Joy, Nancy Speer, Louisa Gile, Joan Johnston, Lorelee Smith, Molly Durr, Pauline Bruce, Ethel Lasell.

Kneeling: Pat Tucker, Nancy Russel, Margaret Cowans, Marjorie La Motte, Ann Boal, Harriet Bartlett, Rosalie Carpenter, Mary Chapin, Dorothy Waite, Betsy Royal, Georgette Richards.

Sitting: Patricia Walker, Florence Rollins, Lassie Kunkel, Jane Garland, Gloria Jackson, Jane Austin, Sonia Ford.

President	-	-	-	-	-	Jane Garland
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Suzanne Joy
Class Advisor	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Nippell

FRESHMAN CLASS



Top Row: Janis Donahue, Jean Hems, Dorothy Brewer, Patricia Rankin, Caroline Rice, Jean Diefenbach.

Middle Row: Joanne Witmer, Beverly Pardy, Louise Browning, Corella Van Riper, Elizabeth Higgins, Marjorie Benson, Nackey Scripps.

Bottom Row: Ann Stitt, Charline Murdock, Marjorie Heyneman.

President	-	-	-	-	-	Marjorie Benson
Secretary-Treasurer	.	.	.	.	.	Ann Stitt
Class Advisor	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Ober

THE LOWER SCHOOL



Standing: Nancy Ames, Margaret Durr, Katherine Hamilton, Audrey Shea, Priscilla Eaton, Terry Barker, Mary Morehead, Jeanette Davidson, Ellen Lee Brashear, Patricia Bartlett, Gloria Gerber, Eleanor Hempstone, Mary Ellen Bothwell, Suzanne Johnson, Charlotte Crow.

Kneeling: Daphne France, Gloria Fawcett, Fanny Jo Sheridan, Barbara McCabe, Peggy Pence, Marjorie Burns, Elizabeth Ware.

Sitting: Ann Randall, Dorothy Sherman, Barbara Thompson, Leona Thompson, Adrienne Johnson, Joyce Holder, Lois MacKay, Marjorie Austin.

President	-	-	-	-	-	Eleanor Hempstone
Secretary-Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Jeanette Davidson
Class Advisor	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Seeber

EL MIRADERO STAFF



Standing: Martha Dougherty, Jane Reasoner, Carol Smith.

Seated: Ann Boal, Mary Capehart, Honore Sharrer, Betty Chapman, Jo Bobbie Innes, Lee Goebel, Ruth Whitney, Florence Rollins, Mary Marston.

Mary Capehart	-	-	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
Carol Smith	-	-	-	-	-	-	Assistant Editor
Jo Bobbie Innes	-	-	-	-	-	-	Literary Editor
Jane Reasoner	-	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
Mary Marston	-	-	-	-	-	-	Assistant Business Manager
Florence Rollins	-	-	-	-	-	-	Social Editor
Ann Boal	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sports' Editor
Lee Goebel	-	-	-	-	-	-	Chronicler
Honore Sharrer	-	-	-	-	-	-	Art and Photograph Editor
Betty Chapman	-	-	-	-	-	-	Assistant Art and Photograph Editor
Martha Dougherty	-	-	-	-	-	-	Technician
Ruth Whitney	-	-	-	-	-	-	Assistant Technician

ORGANIZATIONS

Roots, go deep; wrap your coils; fasten your knots;
Fix a loop far under, a four-in-hand far under;
The wind drives wild horses, gnashers, plungers; Go deep, roots.
Hold your four-in-hand against all wild horses.

CARL SANDBURG.





THE ST. MARY'S GUILD

Mr. Williams	Chairman
Mary Marston	Secretary

Saint Mary's Guild has been characterized this year by the enthusiasm and cooperation of its members. The girls often have to plan their time with care, but they always find time for arranging the altar flowers and straightening the hymnals.

Those of the Altar Guild have missed the kind guidance of the Reverend Mr. Wilson, the former chaplain, but are grateful to the Reverend Mr. Williams for his many inspiring sermons and the interest he has taken in the school activities.

YE MASQUERADERS

Bertha Lee Bent	President
Pat Gibbs	Secretary

"Ye Masqueraders" is the honorary dramatic society for those who are doing outstanding work in dramatic art. At the meetings particular phases of drama for which there is not time in the regular dramatic classes are taken up. Current plays are discussed and special techniques are studied. Now and then an outside speaker is invited to talk to the members. Afterwards tea is served.

HIKING CLUB

President	June Sugg
Secretary	Mary Chapin

This year more girls than ever before have joined the Hiking Club,—nearly thirty of them.

Besides the usual Saturday afternoon hikes there have been walks along the beach on Sunday night, which were enthusiastically indulged in by those seeking pleasure, exercise, or mileage. Breakfast hikes have also been attempted in collaboration and competition with the Riding Club, and were successful when the weather permitted.

Mileage seekers found the Hiking Club very satisfying, as one of the rules is that each member walk fifteen miles a month.

TENNIS CLUB

Beverly Huse	President
Frances Lengfeld	Secretary

Since tennis is the most popular sport in the school, the Tennis Club has a particularly hard time keeping its multitude of members busy. The solution of this difficulty has been found in tournaments, which afford unceasing competition for the members.

One tournament was completed just before Thanksgiving so that the winners could play their championship games on Thanksgiving Day. Another was a ladder tournament, which continued throughout the year.

DRAMATICS

The park is filled with night and fog.
The veils are drawn about the world.
The drowsy lights along the path
Are dim and pearled.

Gold and gleaming the empty streets
Gold and gleaming the misty lake
The mirrored lights like sunken swords,
Glimmer and shake.

SARA TEASDALE.



EASTER PLAY

THINGS THAT ARE CABBAGES

With the first of the Easter play, the children of the school, under the direction of the teacher, presented a play of the life of the Saviour. The play was given in the school hall, and was well received by the audience.

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CHRISTMAS PLAY

"THE LOST STAR"

By Dorothy Clarke Wilson

"The Lost Star" was presented before the school and its guests as the customary Christmas play.

The story is of the three Magi, Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar, when they set out in search of the new-born king. They followed the bright light of the guiding star until Balthasar who has a weakness for jewels, leaves his fellow travelers in order to buy a beautiful ruby. By this act he loses sight of the star and only by doing three deeds of kindness does he regain his vision of the star and thus continue on his way.

Gaspar	{	-	The Three Magi	-	{	Bertha Lee Bent
Melchoir						Jane Reasoner
Balthasar						Nancy Nilon
Amrah, an old prophetess	-	-	-	-	-	Theo Brown
Ashtar, a girl of Parthians	-	-	-	-	-	Bette Holt
Omar, a merchant	-	-	-	-	-	Patricia Gibbs
An Arab Woman, his wife	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret Cowans
Hemar, an old enemy of Balthasar	-	-	-	-	-	Joan Witmer
David, a Jewish captive boy	-	-	-	-	-	Pauline Bruce
A Beggar	-	-	-	-	-	Merrill Willson
A Street Vendor (a woman)	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Boal
Two Arabs, captors of David	-	-	-	-	-	Ellis McKellar
						Daphne Eaches

EASTER PLAY

"THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S"

"Things That Are Caesar's" enacts the story of Caesar's centurion who was converted by watching the crucifixion of Jesus. Although it gave him the name of a deserter of Caesar, he refused to annihilate a tribe of desert people, because it was against Christ's teachings.

Junius	-	-	-	-	-	-	Emily McNair
Justus	-	-	-	-	-	-	Phyllis Meeker
Lucius	-	-	-	-	-	-	Merrill Willson
Gaius	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ellen Torrey
Woman	{	followers of Christ	-	-	-	{	Jo Bobbie Innes
Girl							Theo Brown
Officer	-	-	-	-	-	-	Bertha Lee Bent

DRAWING ROOM PLAYS

"OVER THE TEACUPS"

By Percival Wilde

"Over the Teacups" is a serious comedy about two old ladies, who have lost their money, but keep up appearances when visitors arrive by assuming in turn the positions of maid and mistress.

When it was given as a "reading rehearsal" in the drawing-room on February nineteenth the characters were as follows:

Mary Beardsley	-	-	-	-	-	Nancy Russel
Miss Young	-	-	-	-	-	Louise Browning
Emily Tucker	-	-	-	-	-	Lee Stewart
Mrs. Polhemus	-	-	-	-	-	Martha Lou Short

"THIS DARING GENERATION"

By Marjorie Carleton

This amusing comedy deals with the romantic problems of a young girl in the year 1840.

Selina, the romantic young girl	-	-	Jo Bobbie Innes
Missouri Stebbins, her spinster aunt and guardian,			Emily McNair
May, a widowed sister of Missouri	-	-	Phyllis Meeker
Betty, a middle aged servant	-	-	Theo Brown

MAY DAY PLAY



"AS YOU LIKE IT"

By William Shakespeare

"As You Like It" was presented as a part of the May Day program.

Miss Bryce contributed a great deal to the success of the play and the whole of May Day by planning the costumes, directing the making of them, dyeing the material, and by writing a delightful prologue for the play.

Banished Duke	-	-	-	-	-	Daphne Eaches
Jaques	-	-	-	-	-	Merrill Willson
Oliver	-	-	-	-	-	Bertha Lee Bent
Orlando	-	-	-	-	-	Nancy Nilon
Adam	-	-	-	-	-	Louise Browning
Touchstone	-	-	-	-	-	Nancy Russel
Corin	-	-	-	-	-	Ellis McKellar
William	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Boal
Rosalind	-	-	-	-	-	Pauline Bruce
Celia	-	-	-	-	-	Lee Stewart
Audrey	-	-	-	-	-	Marjorie Heyneman
Followers of the Duke	-	-	-	-	-	Bette Holt, Patricia Tucker Phyllis Meeker, Mary Marston Martha Lou Short, Theo Brown Peggy Andrews, Patricia Gibbs and Monda Pardy

JUNE PLAYS

"This Daring Generation" and "Over the Teacups" were liked so well when they were given before the school during the winter that it was decided to give them, with a change of cast, for two of the June plays. Thus there was an opportunity for other students to play in these two delightful comedies.

"THIS DARING GENERATION"

Selina, the romantic young lady	-	-	Phyllis Meeker
Missouri Stebbins, her spinster aunt and guardian,			Patricia Tucker
Mae, a widowed sister of Missouri	-		Merrill Willson
Betty, a middle-aged servant	-	-	Theo Brown

"OVER THE TEACUPS"

Mary Beardsley	-	-	-	-	Bertha Lee Bent
Miss Young	-	-	-	-	Bette Holt
Emily Tucker	-	-	-	-	Emily McNair
Mrs. Polhemus	-	-	-	-	Ellen Torrey

"HEARTS TO MEND"

"Hearts to Mend," By Harry Overstreet, is the tale of two young French dancers—man and wife—who because Pierrot thinks he has lost his nimbleness decide that it would be better if they had not been married. Pierrette starts to leave him secretly, but turns to take a last look at their baby. She is discovered by Pierrot, who has been convinced by a tinker that she is the best help in his troubles there could be. They are reunited and Pierrot finds his lost art.

Pierrot	-	-	-	-	Betsy Royal
Pierrette	-	-	-	-	Mary Chapin
Tins-to-Mend Man	-	-	-	-	Margaret Cowans

SPORTS

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass . . ."

RICHARD HOVEY

THANKSGIVING



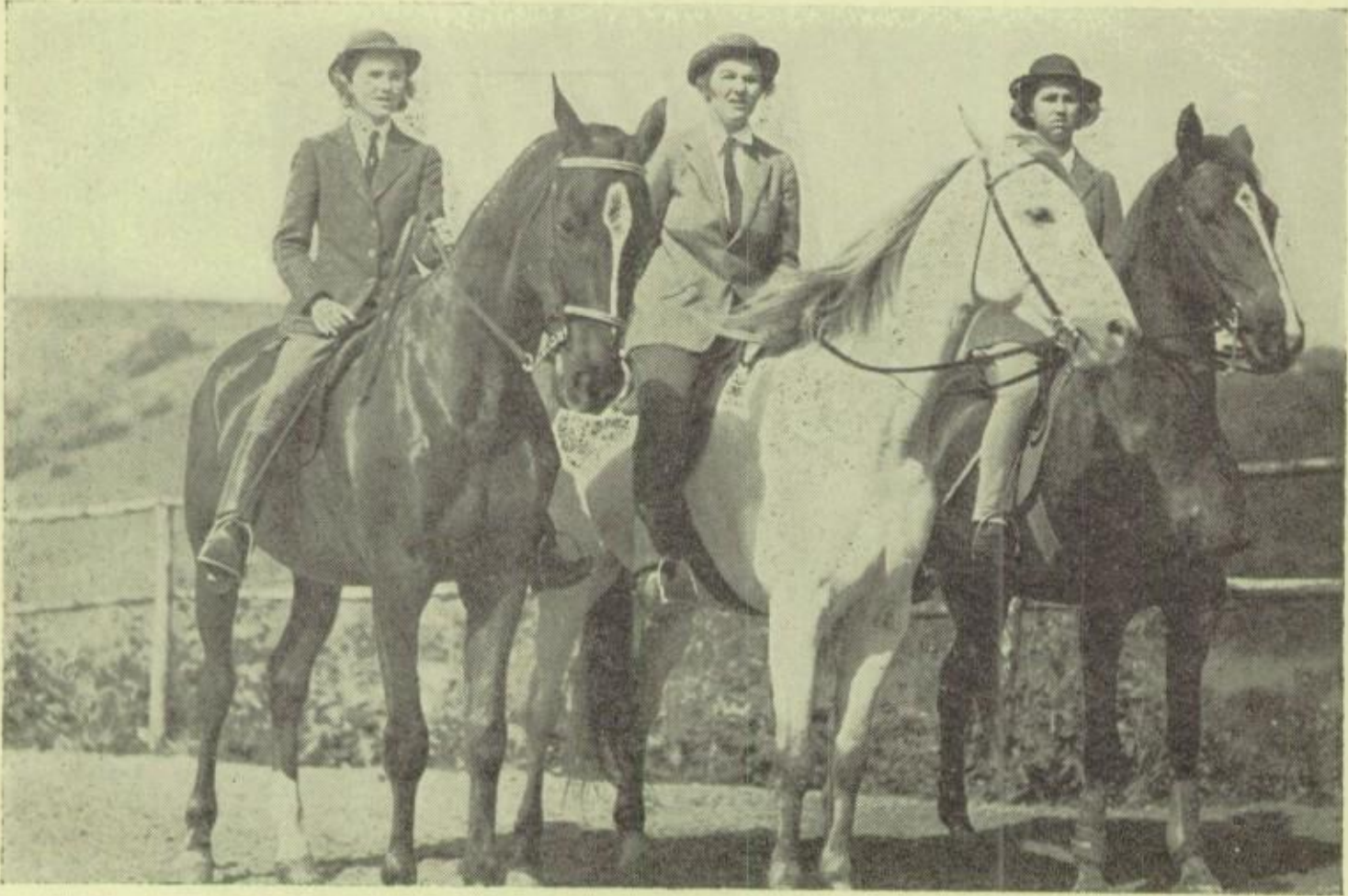
THANKSGIVING

Left—left—left—was the call that threw Thanksgiving into full swing. It was the Gold and Purple lines eagerly marching; the Golds and Purples singing and cheering for all their might; and then the teams' best players fighting it out with racquets on the courts. To end the day the Gold and Purple pinnies played an exciting game on the basketball courts.

OPEN DAY

The Bishop's School had a Renaissance this year in the Danish exercises which were followed by a flowering of handsome straw hats and ribbons. In the class drills the Seniors got the green chamois, but were in close competition with the other three classes. The Upper School cup went to Peggy Andrews, and the Lower School pin to Eleanor Hempstone.

THE RIDING CLUB



Joanne Witmer

Peggy Scripps

Jane Garland

President	.	.	.	.	.	.	Peggy Scripps
Secretary	.	.	.	.	.	.	Betty Chapman

Trotting through the hills and cantering along the beach, with the horses snorting their appreciation, even before the morning mist has disappeared! Such is the sport of the Riding Club on breakfast rides.

Besides these there were tea rides to Torrey Pines Park and wonderful moonlight rides into the hills with the horses' hoofbeats the only sound.

The girls presented an interesting and very amusing gymkana in the spring. Among the events were horsemanship, musical chairs, saddling races, bending races, and an egg and spoon race. Individual team points were presented for good horsemanship.

FIELD BALL

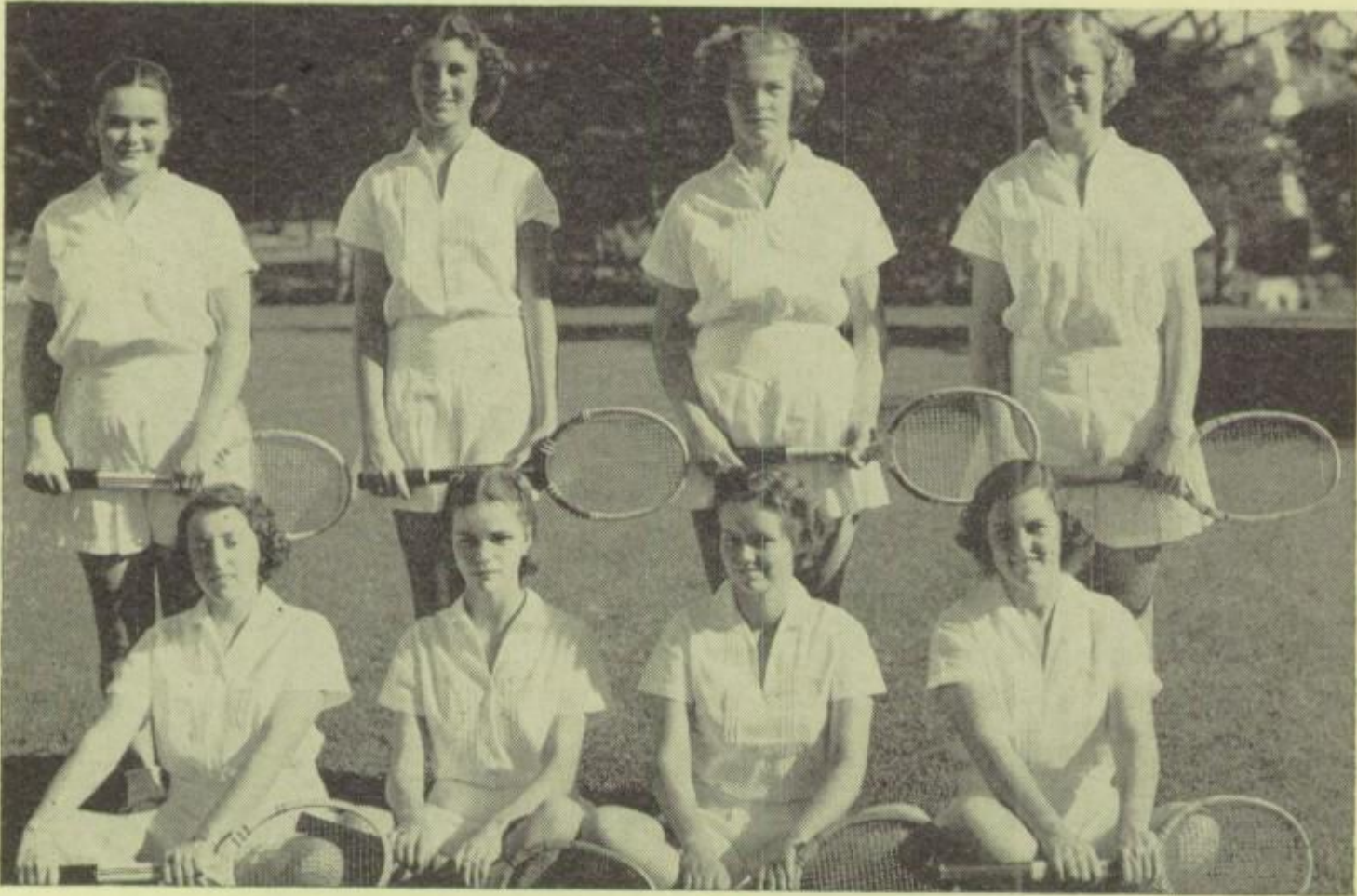


Top Row: Joan Johnson, Jane Reasoner, Ann Sverdrup, Pauline Bruce, Carol Smith, Beverly Pardy, Patricia Gibbs.
 Middle Row: Mary Marston, Charline Murdock, Ann Stitt, June Sugg, Honore Sharrer, Katherine Doust, Betty Chapman.
 Bottom Row: Gloria Jackson, Mary Capehart, Peggy Andrews, Camilla Austin, Suzanne Joy.

POSITIONS

GOLDS				PURPLES			
Katherine Doust	-	-	RW	-	-	-	Mary Marston
Pauline Bruce	-	-	RI	-	-	-	Gloria Jackson
Betty Chapman	-	-	CF	-	-	-	Peggy Andrews
Honore Sharrer	-	-	LI	-	-	-	Mary Capehart
Winifred Dudley	-	-	LW	-	-	-	Ann Stitt
Carol Smith	-	-	LHB	-	-	-	Daphne Eaches
Suzanne Joy	-	-	CHB	-	-	-	Joan Johnson
Camilla Austin	-	-	RHB	-	-	-	Charline Murdock
Beverly Pardy	-	-	RFB	-	-	-	Jane Reasoner
Patricia Gibbs	-	-	LFB	-	-	-	June Sugg
Marjorie Benson	-	-	Goal	-	-	-	Ann Sverdrup

TENNIS



Standing, left to right: Mary Jane Mendelsohn, Barbara Brandt, Patsy Marsh, Joan Johnson. Sitting, left to right: Frances Lengfeld, Frances Morgan, Mary Marston, Beverly Huse.

POSITIONS

GOLDS

Barbara Brandt

Frances Morgan

Beverly Huse
Frances Lengfeld

PURPLES

Mary Jane Mendelsohn

Joan Johnson

Mary Marston
Patsy Marsh

FIRST TEAM

SECOND TEAM

DOUBLES

TENNIS DAY

With more real tennis enthusiasts in the school, Tennis Day was a particularly big occasion. Due to the many girls in the Tennis Club, competition before the day arrived was especially keen. The exhibition matches delighted all tennis-minded spectators as the ball sped from court to court. Mr. O'Hara and Miss Green both helped to prepare the players and make the day the success it was.

BASKETBALL

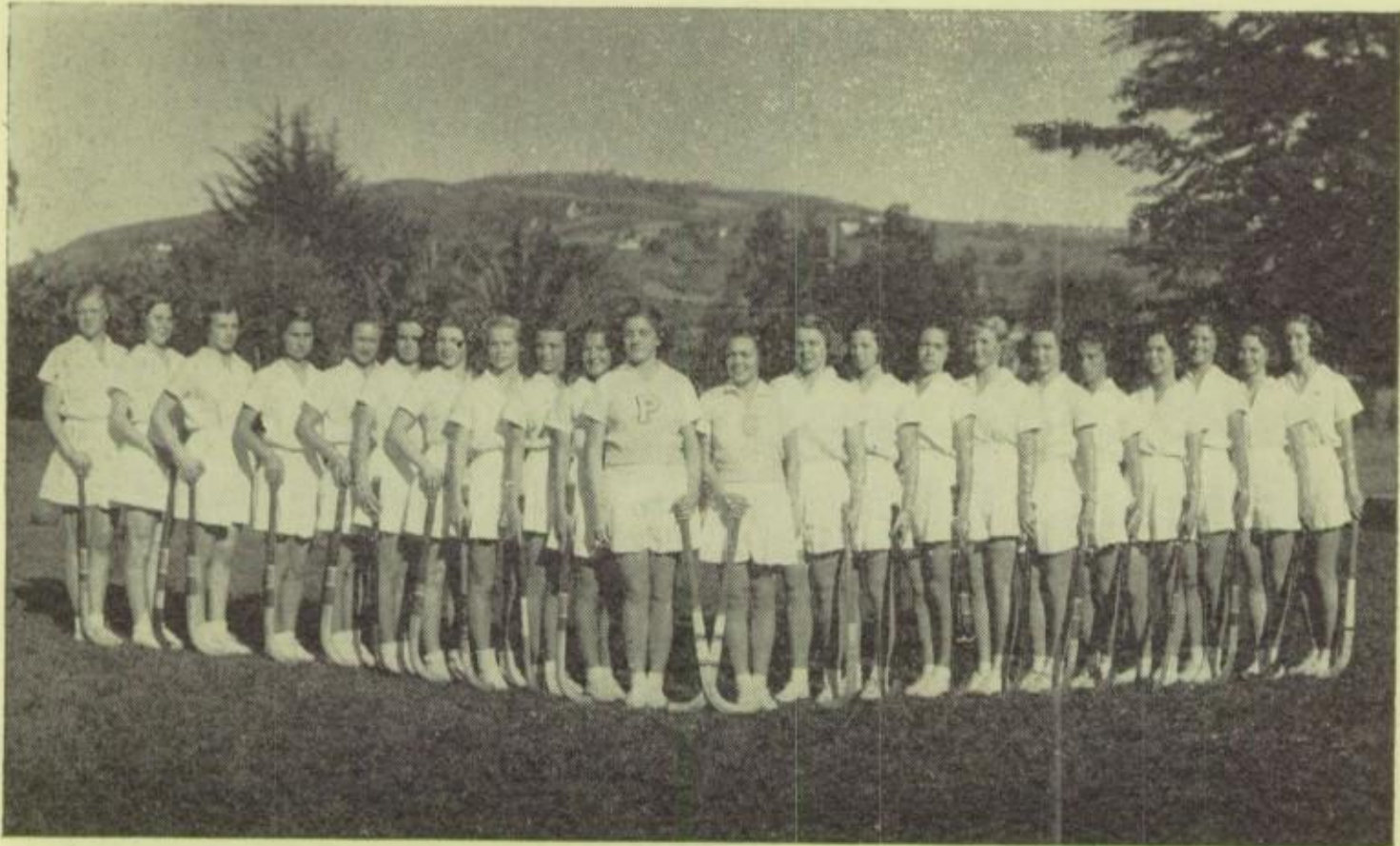


Top Row: Betty Chapman, Nancy Nilon, Patricia Gibbs, Joan Johnson, Jane Reasoner, June Sugg.
Bottom Row: Beverly Huse, Suzanne Joy, Camilla Austin, Peggy Andrews, Mary Capehart, Mary Marston.

POSITIONS

GOLDS				PURPLES			
Beverly Huse	-	-	F	-	-	Peggy Andrews	
Betty Chapman	-	-	F	-	-	Jane Reasoner	
Patricia Gibbs	-	-	C	-	-	Joan Johnson	
Camilla Austin	-	-	SC	-	-	Mary Capehart	
Suzanne Joy	-	-	G	-	-	Mary Marston	
Carol Smith	-	-	G	-	-	- June Sugg	

HOCKEY



Left to right: Joan Johnson, June Sugg, Ann Stitt, Jane Garland, Charline Murdock, Mary Marston, Phyllis Meeker, Mary Capehart, Gloria Jackson, Jane Austin, Peggy Andrews, Camilla Austin, Emily McNair, Rosalie Carpenter, Dorothy Clarke, Betty Chapman, Ann Kenyon, Honore Sharrer, Pauline Bruce, Barbara Brandt, Carol Smith, Patricia Gibbs.

POSITIONS

GOLDS

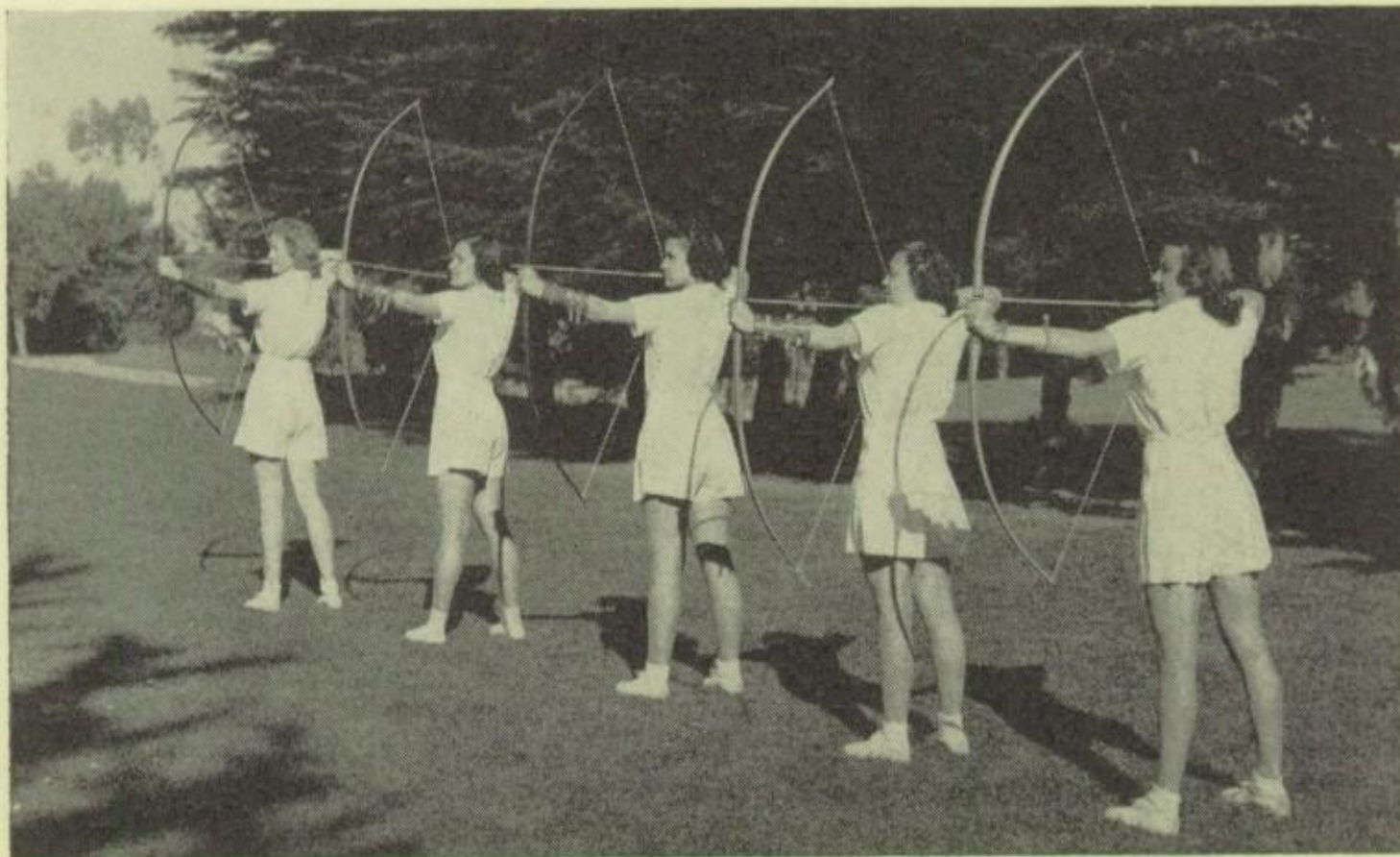
Camilla Austin	-	-	-
Barbara Brandt	-	-	-
Pauline Bruce	-	-	-
Rosalie Carpenter	-	-	-
Anne Kenyon	-	-	-
Carol Smith	-	-	-
Betty Chapman	-	-	-
Honore Sharrer	-	-	-
Dorothy Clarke	-	-	-
Patricia Gibbs	-	-	-
Emily McNair	-	-	-

CF
LI
RI
LW
RW
CH
LH
RH
LF
RF
Goal

PURPLES

Peggy Andrews
Gloria Jackson
Mary Capehart
Mary Marston
Jane Garland
Joan Johnson
Phyllis Meeker
Jane Austin
Jane Sugg
Anne Stitt
Charline Murdock

ARCHERY



Left to right: Beverly Pardy, Jane Mercer, Katherine Doust, Camilla Austin, Gloria Jackson.

Archery has become one of the important school sports. Many girls have special bows now and have developed quite good marksmanship. On Open Day the archers displayed their newly-acquired skill very creditably. Competition during class time has also made archery particularly interesting.

TRACK

The girls appreciatively sucked lemons and gathered about Miss Deuel and Miss Green, after they had leaped high and jumped wide. The track meet was an exciting afternoon with Golds and Purples cheering each other on. The trim white hurdles were a striking contrast against the bright green of the hockey field. When the javelin and basketball throwing were finished, everyone took a deep breath.

SWIMMING

Peep-peep and they're off! Water splashed over the pool's sides as our future champions plowed through the water. Some executed difficult swan dives; others fell in.

The swimming classes have been a pleasant addition to the school curriculum and girls have enthusiastically joined them. Miss Deuel and Miss Green take charge and blow their tin whistles for order and calm.

LITERATURE

I sang of the dancing stars
I sang of the daedal earth
And of heaven, and the giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth.

SHELLEY.

THE HAWK

The hawk was seen
as he came to rest
on the top of the
tree, his wings
spread wide as he
looked down at the
ground below.



WET BROWN LEAVES

Wet brown leaves
are scattered all about
the ground, some
still clinging to the
branches of the trees.
The leaves are
soaked with rain,
and their colors
are a mix of
brown, green, and
yellow. The rain
has made the leaves
shiny, and the
ground is a
mess of mud and
leaves. The air is
heavy with the
smell of wet earth
and the sound of
rain falling on the
leaves.

The rain has
made the leaves
shiny, and the
ground is a
mess of mud and
leaves. The air is
heavy with the
smell of wet earth
and the sound of
rain falling on the
leaves.

THE HAWK

He seems very lazy
As he circles so slowly
Up in the air,
But really he's watching
For woodchuck or rabbit
Strayed from its lair.

He cruises along
On the edge of the wind,
Searching for something
On which he may prey.
Then, as he spots it
He drops like a rocket,
Out of the air.

Jane Garland '40

QUESTIONS

My dad was going out last night,
But I invited him to stay.
There were so many things to ask,
And lots of things to say.
Just why do dogs and cats have tails?
And why do we breathe air?
And why does water stay in pails?
And why do dresses tear?
Why is night so inky black?
And why do ducks say only quack?
And why do we have spring and fall?
And why are apples red?
I didn't do a thing at all,
But he sent me to bed.

Desdy Jackson '44

WET BROWN LEAVES

It was Spring. I knew that, because the screen doors had been put on the house, and the big Dutch door stood open all day long. My brother and I went down to the brook to hunt for turtles. We went running through the garden, with its mysterious green things sticking up through the brown earth, past the drizzly wet remains of a snowdrift, and down to the place where the brook ran through the birch trees. There were piles of wet brown leaves beneath the birch trees, and the sunshine on them made the most delicious smell.

They smelled like earth that has been rained on, and like the white powder in the guest room, at the same time. They smelled so good that I just lay down and put my face in them. They were cool and wet, and they rustled softly. We took some of them home to Mother, in our pockets. She was very busy, but she smelled them and said, "Oh, just like perfume," and we were very happy.

Peggy Scripps '39

THE MOST DRAMATIC THING THAT I HAVE EVER SEEN

I had wearied of riding a bicycle over rough country roads, and laid myself down by an oak tree. To lie under the bright blue sky and to watch the puffy clouds sail by, and to hear the wind rustling the tops of the trees, and to have birds come and cock their heads at one are some of the most pleasantly idle things to do in lazy summer. I was enjoying this comfortable pastime when an invisible ant bit my leg. I sat up, said "Darn," and wearied by these exertions lay down again. But my attention had been caught by a tiny bustle in the grass. I sat up again, and now saw millions of ants. I leaned closer. The tiny masses separated into groups of red and black ants, all struggling and pulling each other. One huge red fellow was directly beneath my nose. A tiny ant pounced upon him and I could see the big one reciprocating by chewing off the smaller ant's leg. Such carnivorous chewing! I could almost hear the hollow groans, and the hoarse breathing as the two combatants gnawed their way to victory. The small black ant had the superior hold and bit the red ant in two. The head part of the red ant kept its hold on the leg of the black.

My gaze was next attracted by a small black ant besieged by two huge red ones. I refrained from rescue work and was glad for it. Three black ants, having dispatched their respective victims, came to the aid of their beleaguered brother. It reminded me of the Musketeers. The four black ants, one of them almost dead and on his last three legs, were winning over the two red ants. Such munchings, cracking of bones, hoppings about on two legs! The superior number won but the poor little black ant also expired with his enemies. I shuddered, gazing at the bloody battlefield. Coming back to my own life and senses, I looked for the sun. It had disappeared behind the big trees. Hurriedly I mounted my bicycle and pedaled home, thanking God that I wasn't an ant.

Elizabeth Grayson, '39

Chestnut vendors, at windy corners, bend over tiny flames, offering sweet, hot chestnuts.

Elizabeth Grayson, '39

YOUR HELMET, 'POLDO

Leopold is gone—, it is his funeral, and that is his coffin that Sandro and Mario and Fillipo are bearing, slowly out of the church. Here comes 'Poldo's helmet—how shining and still it is against the velvet. He loved his helmet—above everything. He slaved for it. O, 'Poldo, the last time I saw you, you were wearing your helmet. After the party, going out of the gate, you were rough-housing on the bumper of our car. You were laughing, everyone was laughing, then you fell off from the car, and everything seemed to stop laughing; the comedy mask had suddenly been torn away as your helmet crashed to the ground. We all stared at it lying there—why was everyone as still as death that night, 'Poldo, when you picked your helmet up, brushed it, and put it on with that heart-rending smile? Everyone is staring at your helmet now, 'Poldo, as it is being borne out of the church behind your slow coffin.

Emily McNair '38

OH, WONDER!

The dawn breaks clear and beautiful,
The dew sparkles like diamonds
On the rosebuds.
The sun god, in his mighty chariot,
Ascends over the soft green hills,
Oh, Wonder!

A pale light steals over the world,
Hundreds of colors, like the flashing of fire
In the west.
The soft glow of the sun after it is gone,
The silent twinkling of the evening star,
Oh, Wonder!

The light caress of a perfect night
Folding itself around the earth
To protect it.
The dripping glow of a pale moon,
With all the twinkling starry host,
Oh, Wonder!

Patty Rankin '40

A WALK AROUND THE QUADRANGLE

The time: 10 A.M. on a bright, sunny day; the birds are singing and lawnmowers are blasting forth as usual. We are taking a walk around the quadrangle.

First, past the French class. The Lower School is playing Lotto on the floor, and Mademoiselle is saying, "Le chien joue avec la balle."

Next, the English class. My, what's going on in there? They are acting out "As You Like It." Mrs. Blake is trying to make the girls stop laughing, but she is laughing too.

Now, the day pupils' cloak room. Two girls are getting drinks of water, and chattering in unguarded whispers.

All is quiet until we come to the Latin room. Then, what a noise! "A, ae, ae, am, a, ae arum, is, as, is," shouts the noisy class in loud unison. Then they suddenly stop except for a soft buzzing, broken by "per deos immortales."

Now comes the science room. The biology class is examining little spiders through the microscope. "Oh, can't I take one home, Miss Ober?" cries one hopeful little girl.

Then, by the office where the typewriter is clacking and the telephone is ringing and someone is knocking on the door, and someone else is talking to Miss Walker, and Miss Walker is very calm and seemingly unruffled by the whole procedure.

Now we are near the Spanish room. I do not "hablo espanol." If you do, you will know what they are saying.

The rest of our journey is comparatively uneventful and quiet, but still refreshing. We walk around the green lawn until we come back to the French room again where Mademoiselle has got one step further, "Le chien" has caught his ball.

Molly Durr '40

EVERYWHERE THE WIND

You can't see the wind—
but it's there.

You can feel the wind—
everywhere.

You feel it tugging at your skirt
You feel it pulling at your hair
You feel it pushing with its hands
You feel it straining through the air.

You feel its tongues of fury lash
And quiver 'gainst your yielding soul
It strips you of your binding thoughts
And leaves you fresh and clean.

How strange!
How still!

Is the bare silence, after
The surging of the wind
Is hushed.

Monda Pardy '38

TWILIGHT

Twisted black laced shoes crunched over the wet pavement and stopped before a square platform.

"Good evening, Mr. Lincoln." The bronze figure on the platform stood rigid; his cold narrow face and bushy eyebrows were looking toward the great expanse of the roaring city.

"Good evening," I said, "Mr. Lincoln."

"Oh, that's all right—."

Honore Sharrer '38

THESE SENIORS

Long, lanky legs, white-stockinged, pointed skyward. A uniform lay flat, tummie downwards on cold, rain-soaked ice-plant, and squirmed nearer the cliff's edge. With head thrown back, and glass tube to lips, the frame breathed and deeply expanded, and puffed. Below, a sentimentalist woke energetically from reverie and stared up. She rubbed her neck.

Jo Bobbie Innes '38

CINQUAIN

She sits,
With carmine lips
And blood-red fingertips,
With cocktail glass and cigarette,
Knitting.

Frances Lengfeld '38

THE BOY

His hair was blond and stiff against the red brown of his neck. He jumped and ran, his thin feet spanked the wet sand. He filled his bucket as the wave came up. Then he ran and cantered like a young horse, to fill his hole.

Honore Sharrer '38

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST

The day was very hot, and groups of flies droned listlessly in the tommies.¹ Only three mules were in the corral, and all three were asleep. Presently Jack lifted his head and lunged viciously at a fly.

"Pesky things," muttered he, "I wonder why they were ever invented?"

"I wouldn't know," snapped Jenny, waking suddenly, "I wasn't there."

"I never asked you," returned Jack.

"Well then, keep quiet and let me sleep," said she.

Ten minutes later the gate opened and a Mexican entered with a clipper.² As he passed by, Jenny, still half asleep, sneezed loudly in his ear. The Mexican jumped several feet, and began to say things which were both interesting and instructive. Apologetically Jenny sneezed again, and received a glare for her pains. As he merged into the distance, Jack edged over to her.

"You shouldn't have made him mad," he said, "He's your next driver."

"I don't care," said Jenny, "It wasn't my fault. I didn't even know he was there. He can't blame me for something I didn't mean. It's probably been forgotten by now anyway."

Jack nodded doubtfully.

"Perhaps," he muttered, "Yet he never has liked you since that day you missed me, and kicked him off the plow. If I were you, I'd be very nice to him from now on."

Jenny sniffed.

"Well, you're not," she scoffed, "And suppose you let me handle him."

Jack said nothing.

Two days later Jenny was taken to one field and Jack to another. When he came in that evening Jenny had not arrived. She did not arrive for a good half hour, and when she finally came in the gate, all the others hastily got out of her way. Her eyes were bloodshot with fury, her mane quivered with anger, and her whole air was of one who has been deeply insulted, and will not associate with any of her comrades.

After hay, Jack sidled up to Kate, who had been in the same field, and privately asked what the matter was.

Kate chuckled softly.

"You know that driver she doesn't like? Well, today he certainly took her pride down several steps. He harnessed her to a big plow, drove her out in the field, and hitched the plow to a cistern. She stood there for a whole day with plenty of water and food, and yet she didn't touch a drop. I've never seen a madder mule in all my life."

That night, so Kate told me, from the corner in which Jack habitually slept, came a sound which sounded suspiciously like a mulaugh.³ Kate isn't sure, but she made me promise not to tell Jenny.

1: tommies—tamarac trees

2: clipper—electrical machine for clipping manes

3: mulaugh—technical term for mule-laugh

Nancy Russel '40

THE KNIGHT OF LOLLIPOP COURT

- I Oh, once there was a handsome knight
Who lived in Lollipop Court.
He loved a princess, oh, so dear,
Who dwelt in a patchwork fort.
- II The knight, he rode a calico horse,
Who pranced up to the fort.
The knight, he played a mandolin,
His dear one for to court.
- III The father, he stalked around about,
"Who doeth this awful deed?
Oh! I will have his head cut off,
If my warning he doth not heed."
- IV The princess tiptoed down to him,
"Make haste, make haste, good man,
My father, he is very sore,
He'll kill you if he can!"
- V Oh! he took her on his prancing steed,
Together they did flee.
And off together they did ride
To the land of the candy-stick tree.
Nackey Scripps '41

WHEN I WAS A COWGIRL

I was a cowgirl when I was six. At least I thought I was. I had a pony that kicked, and a great big hat, and a rope, and a saddle, and a gun. The gun shot, too, and the saddle was carved. The rope was cowhide, cut thin and braided, and the hat was heavy. I lived on a ranch on the desert, and took care of a very vicious bull. 'Course he was a baby one, and not very vicious, just frisky. 'Course the pony was a very little pony, and didn't kick like a bronc at all. And the hat wasn't heavy to anyone else, but it was heavy enough for me. The rope was short and I couldn't use it, and the saddle was little and light. The gun made a noise, but not a very big noise, and only shot paper caps. But just the same, I rode every day, and I was a cowgirl to me.

Audrey Shea '42

AUTUMN

The gutters had slowly filled with leaves. I loved to shuffle my feet through them and kick them from side to side. Every few days the gardener burned them in small mounds and there was the most delicious smoke that permeated the air. The sun went down early and it was almost dark by dinner.

Theo Taft Brown '38

MIDNIGHT

Cries sound at midnight when the rain squalls
Come sluicing down the darkened window pane
And twigs beneath a million waterfalls,
Cumber the drowning grass.

A SHIP

One day, the scaffolding and the frames were stripped away,
And there she stood as graceful as a song,
Yet with her full, square bow, less graceful than strong.

WINTER NIGHT

The room is warm behind my back, and bright,
Fire in the grate, and lighted lamp and chair,—
I stand at the window and into the blackness, stare
At the winter night.

Natalie Keisel '38

FIRST FLIGHT

When I entered the great silver plane, already warming up its motors on the landing field, I was both thrilled and frightened. I had lived on man's element, the earth, long enough to feel a degree of familiarity with it; I had learned to live briefly in the fish's element, the water, but this was the first time that I had approached the bird's element, the air.

As we rose into the air I looked cautiously out of the window beside me, fearing a sensation of great height as I looked down at the earth. I found instead that we had risen so swiftly that there was nothing by which to measure distance. The earth pulled away from us and we were still, watching it recede. A heterogeneous mass of varied shapes and colors gradually assumed a definite geometric design of brown, green, and tan figures, separated by bands of grey. It was as if a great quilt were spread out for a giant's slumber, with here and there a green velvet cushion of a hill. Distance seemed to have vanished, and there was no motion, save the gentle rocking of the plane and the slow march of white clouds up from the horizon. The motors droned monotonously and shut out all other sound.

Fear and foreboding could not live in such a place. I felt the freedom and elevation of a butterfly just out of its chrysalis. The earth faded away entirely and there was only a shining blue all around and soft white clouds coming toward us like a flock of sheep. The clouds grew darker and larger and herds of elephants moved silently past the windows. Soon there was nothing outside the little capsule where we were imprisoned but a soft, shapeless, nothingness. It was duller than swimming under water where one can see distorted shapes spread out below. It was duller than traveling on a train at night, where an occasional light gleams from a farmhouse, and the whistle shrills warnings. It was duller than riding in an elevator, where an opened door brings vistas of intriguing wares. It was the dullest thing I had ever experienced.

I went to sleep.

Lee Goebel '39

THE ZOO

When mother takes me to the zoo,
There's lots of things I like to do.

The monkey's always fun to see,
I look at him, and think of me.

And then the bear is always good,
He looks at me, and begs for food.

The seal is amusing, and very clever,
He disappoints you? No not ever.

The camel has a silly habit.
He wiggles his nose just like a rabbit.

But the elephant is best of all.
He's fat and good and very tall.

I feed him peanuts every day,
It's fun to see his long trunk sway.
Desdy Jackson '44

"TIME TO STAND AND STARE"

I liked to see the little French boy with the dark red hair. He had a small thin body and he would jump up and down when he got cold. He carried a long green pole and wore a red and white checked apron. It opened down the back so that you could see the tight black pants that came to his knees. He would fidget unconsciously and run into people, racing to get his sail boat on the other side of the sky-like pool. He ran to the other side to meet his boat, hopping and jerking his thin arms.

"Voila!"

Honore Sharrer '38

LAMENT OF A CHILD

"Oh, Fuzz, you have gone and died! I guess your nose won't wiggle any more. I guess I won't grow carrots any more. Remember Fuzz, how you used to take a piece of grass and slowly chew it in? Remember Fuzz, how when you did it your eyes would 'sleepy blink'? Remember when you got full and stretched out on the place I made for you on my dress? And do you remember Fuzz, how just under your right ear you liked me to rub, in that nice warm place? You remember don't you? Oh Fuzz, I loved you so! I hope you remember. Mother says you went to heaven, Fuzz, but you didn't, because right here from my window I can see you lying cold and stiff. Oh, I don't mind if you go to Heaven, really and truly I don't. But Fuzz, don't lie there cold and stiff any more because—

"Oh Fuzz, Fuzz, I don't understand!"

Daphne Eaches '39

"MOST PURPLE HOURS"

Some might say that my title indicates hours of colorful meditation. Maybe it does to others, but to the Purple Secretary-Treasurer, it signifies many an hour spent in selling purple caps, purple ties, purple socks; collecting Purple dues; making Purple roll-calls; writing up Purple minutes; sending purple flowers; paying Purple bills; doling out Purple money to the worthy Purple Pi; walking mileage for the Purples; cheering and singing the Purples on to victory. My most purple hours are those of vigorous exertion for the Purples—they are not those of colorful meditation.

Jane Reasoner '38

Most people get hay fever—
I have Purple Hours.
Ah dreams that come with golden rod,
With hay-stacks, buttercups, with fresh-cut grass!
I have Purple Hours—
Most people get hay fever.

Mary Capehart '38

BALLAD OF THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

It was the twenty-first of May,
The hound, good, faithful Jones,
Was gaily looking forward to
His juicy birthday bones.

A party then was planned for him.
Also a lovely cake,
With icing soft, and frosting sweet,
Did the good cook Elsa make.

The party came; enjoyed the tea;
The cake was passed about,
But no one offered Jones a bite,
Though food, he was without.

The cake it stood most temptingly
Upon a little table.
Jones spied, and gobbled up the cake
As fast as he was able.

The empty plate crashed on the floor,
Shocked faces turned his way,
And Jones with feebly wagging tail
Stood lost in sad dismay.

Quick he was banished from the house.
Poor Jonesy had to beat it,
But, after all, it was **his** cake,
So why might he not eat it?

Caroline Rice '41

THE HOLIEST NIGHT

The church is filled with a holy light;
A quiet, beautiful, indescribable light
That's soft, and filled with the glory of God.

The hymns rise to the dark rafters
And fill the place with joyous sound;
The young boys are singing
In the bold tones of youth.

The people kneel in quiet prayer;
Their hearts are full of peace and new-born hope,
For this was the night on which was born
The child—Christ.

Beverly Pardy '41

BACK STEPS

I love to be alone on the back steps on a cool evening. For only then can I enjoy the tranquillity and happiness around me. As I look above, I see a huge dark ceiling with a star here and there calmly blinking. And when I look towards the city, I see vari-colored lights happily nodding. Motor cars pass with a whisk followed by a low drone. Down the hill a cricket sings. The winds are playing a minuet in the trees.

Everyone somewhere has back steps like mine, — a place where he may be as peaceful as the life around him after a noisy, bustling day.

Eleanor Wilkinson '38

THE DACHSHUND

A pair of wistful brown eyes, an eager wagging tail, and an accordingly eager wiggling body, the touch of a warm tongue on your hands, and a questioning little paw laid for a moment on your knee.

Marjorie Benson '41

HERMES

Touch it —
The cool marble
Of a Greek creation,
The deathless gift of a glorious race
That's dead.

Janet Moore '38

DISSATISFIED

The sun sends its golden rays
Down from heaven on summer days.
I, who bask beneath them,
What right have I to say,
"Please, God, make them cooler.
They're much too hot today."

Janet Moore '38

TERRORS OF A SHOE STORE

To the small-footed population, shoe-buying may not be a sad occasion; to some, it may even be one of glee, but to me, half an hour in a shoe store is one of the most depressing things I know, as well as being seriously detrimental to my temper the rest of the day. The following episode occurs every time Mother and I go to buy my shoes:

As I descend the stairs, (somehow stairs are always provided for innocent victims to stumble on) I cast glaring looks to right and left, already barricading myself for the terrible siege. We sink into chairs in a remote corner. A dapper young man appears, but after being informed he must get shoes to fit me, glances despairingly at my feet and shakes his head. One can see he will do his best, but fate seems against him. He remarks, with satisfaction, that the shoes I have on, (which I bought two months earlier when they were much longer than was necessary) are a great deal too short for me, and that my feet are growing rapidly. At which I growl and mutter fiercely uncomplimentary things under my breath. After measuring my foot he regards it even more sadly, but bravely squares his shoulders in his quest for the largest shoes in the store. A short while later he reappears with boxes. At first I try not to notice the difficulties he encounters as he tries to push my foot into huge shoes that pinch unmercifully; I glance enviously at a neighboring young lady slipping on with ease a size two or three. But, as pair after pair of shoes are cast aside as too small, and as the young man searches frantically for larger and larger shoes, I am more and more deeply plunged in gloom. By this time we have half the shoe store as an amused audience. At last when I'm on the verge of something desperate, a shoe is finally found that fits. Despite the ugly, unflattering, pattern, we are so exhausted by the terrific ordeal, that we weakly give in and take them with us.

Staggering up the stairs with the odious pair, which even smothered in paper seem to advertise their shameful size, and which I vainly try to conceal, I furiously resolve **never** to enter a shoe store again, if I have to go barefooted the rest of my life!

Caroline Rice '41

"NEW EXCAVATIONS"

A little fair-haired boy at play,
Digging all the sand away
Came upon a rusty spade
Where an earlier child had played.

Martha Lou Short '39

SEA DREAM

I walked along the wharf
And there I smelled the sea.
The fresh winds flinging free
Blew the scent of rope and fish and tar,
Of wind and spice from far
Across the bay to me.

The sharp sting of salty spray
Warmth of a sun-soaked beach
On a summer day
Lies tucked in my memory through winter's chill,
Begs to come out with the first daffodil.

Marjorie Moore '38

THIS CHANGING WORLD

Beards are strange things. They go in and out of style just like babies or Shakespeare or the Republican Party. At the moment Shakespeare and babies are in, and the Republican Party and beards are out. There are a few exceptions, of course, in the latter, but generally beards have died out, and babies have sprung up in their places. Whether the male members will be whiskered or not remains to be seen.

Babies are starting a come-back; everyone has them, whether their own or adopted. The actresses all have them. Lindbergh, and the Duke of Gloucester have them too. As for the Republican Party, we all know; but soon the tide will change, and the country will be Republican and bearded.

Marjorie Heyneman '41

ARRIVAL

Scared black branches
Stretch, scarce breathing,
Walled by crystal,
 Frozen shells.
Great white cats, who
Scaled those branches,
Now sit purring
In their crotches.

Mary Capehart '38

AGE

His large and work-stained hands
Rest idly in his lap.
He stares at nothing with his faded eyes
And dreams of glorious youth.
The mighty plans that were to shake the world,
The vibrant joys and tearing sorrows
Have long since crumbled in the past.
But sometimes when the darkness shuts away the truth
He lives again those early vivid days.

Winifred Dudley '38

SPRING

There were seas of green lawn and the orderly walks through them
were bridges. The trees that bordered them waved, touched by cool breezes
from the water. The white sails tossing on the waves seemed to be fragments
of the clouds above. There was a small green platform near the sea wall, where
the band used to play in the lazy afternoons. In the grass were crocuses.
I picked some one day and soon my father received a letter from the Com-
mandant. After that I only looked at them.

Dorothy Short '38

LULLABY

Hush, my little one, hush, list to thy lullaby;
The sighing of the willow trees,
The mother dove's low call,
The gentle lapping of water across the sand.

Close thine eyes, my little one, close thine eyes;
For lo the shadows fall
The moon is gliding through silver mist
And soft darkness creeps among the trees.

Go to sleep, my little one, go to sleep;
All the troubles of thy day are past,
Dream of joy and happiness, my little one,
May the peace of God be with thee.

Mary Marston '39

TOWARD THE PURPLE MOUNTAINS

Trees and houses were flashing past the window of the speeding car. The sun ducked in and out among the clouds, and a cool wind fanned my cheek.

If only we were on our way to Wyoming, I thought wistfully. In my mind's eye the bay with its gray-green mud flats, became transformed into a clear mountain lake, lined with pungent pine trees, reflecting the sky. I sighed.

Father and Mother were conversing in low tones in the front seat. Father turned his head, and smiling at Mother said to me, "Your mother and I would like to go to the Big Horns again next summer!"

For a moment my heart stood still. Then the glorious meaning of the words struck me. I closed my eyes tightly and gripped the door handle beside me. Once more we were speeding along through the rolling Wyoming hills, a beautiful sunset behind us, distant purple mountains ahead. I was bursting with joy, and yet I sat perfectly still. There was a fresh breeze from the mountains, for I could smell the pine trees. Once more we were all seated by a huge bonfire, singing and laughing. All of the vivid memories of last summer came crowding in upon me: the tumultuous Rodeo Days! the weird Indian Dances, and the joy of pulling in a flashing, struggling trout.

But gradually the rolling hills and towering mountains receded into the distant blue of the sea. My fingers relaxed their tight grip. I caught my breath and sighed again, but joyously this time. All of my dreams had come true in an instant.

Father and Mother smiled at each other, as I turned a beaming face to them. And for the rest of the day I could hardly keep from singing.

Betty Chapman '39

FEATURES

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax
Of cabbages and kings
And why the sea is boiling hot.
And whether pigs have wings."

LEWIS CARROLL.



CHRONICLES

September

- 22 With the opening of school on September twenty-second we begin our chronicle.
And hope to make it a record both complete and laconical.
- 25 Out under the open sky we had the first of our grill suppers,
Where the Seniors ate the most but where the Juniors were close as runner-uppers.

October

- 2 Soo Yong instructed us in things we should know about the Orient:
The mysterious ways of its inhabitants as well as its fauna and floriant.
- 9 Dignity was suspended for the duration of the Faculty party.
- 15 Yehudi Menuhin and his violin opened the Amphion Concerts and evoked a response most hearty.
- 16 Something better to listen to than to experience was "Life in a Russian Prison" as depicted by Marguerite Harrison.
- 23 The Seniors' dance to the school did them such credit as has no comparison.
- 25 The Wily Seniors found the historic spade which had been so craftily hidden,
- 28 And this was disclosed by the watchful Juniors in an extra edition of the Junior Journal and was celebrated by a dinner to which the Juniors and Seniors were bidden.
- 30 A Toast
To the Hallowe'en movie that kept out the goblin and ghost.

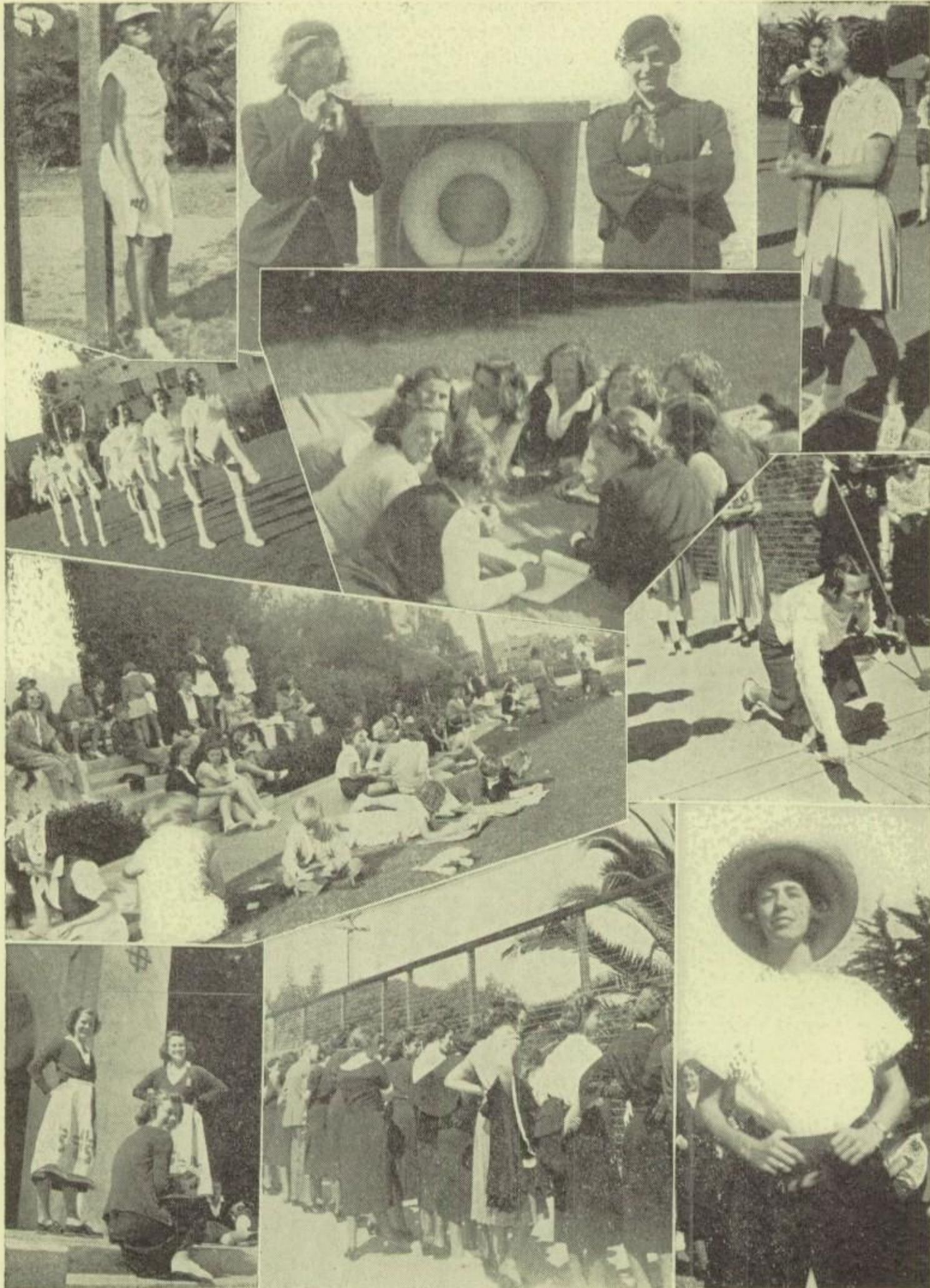
November

- 5 and 6 We departed for the first week-end with gayety and insouciance
After the epidemic of tests which are certainly a nounciance.
- 13 The reading of an old play, "The Late Christopher Bean," by Beatrice Edmonds was charming,
But we're still wondering what recent play was considered for us too alarming.
- 17 The Gold and Purple spelling bee.
- 20 Was Letitia Innes a dream in modern interpretive dancing? You're telling me!
- 25 The Thanksgiving drills and games and turkey-eating showed much agility.
- 27 The Junior Old Southern Plantation dance to the school was carried out with ability.

December

- 14 The Christmas play by the drama class was beautiful and inspiring
- 15 The Christmas vacation started with great expectations and much heart-desiring.

SNAPS



CHRONICLES

January

- 4 All things must end, even a perfect holiday.
- 22 The Sophomore way of giving a party in night attire proved a joliway.
- 26 to 28 The dark age of the mid-year examination.
Our first candidate for extermination.

February

- 5 The movie, "Progress of Civilization,"
Would have been convincing but for the present struggle of nation
against nation.
- 12-13 Week-end gayeties.
- 18 Dramatic Art playeties.
- 26 The El Miradero tea was successful and brought in much pelf;
At the Junior take-off each Senior met her other self.

March

- 5 Beatrice Edmond's rendition of Maxwell Anderson's "Star Wagon" was
so moving it made us nose-conscious.
- 12 A talk on "Styles" by Mary Hampton made us clothes-conscious.
- 19 Open Day:
Mothers, fathers, friends, drills, games, awards, the Bishop's on display.
- 24 Gold and Purple first team Hockey game. We have no scruples
In commending "The Things That Are Caesar's," given by the Dramatic
Art Pupils.
- 25 Spring Vacation;
Palpitation.

April

- 5 Back to school with energy unbounded.
- 9 Movies of May Days and Open Days since the school was founded.
- 17 Easter Day.
- 23 Freshman party with the alphabet in dress array.
- 29 The banquet the Juniors gave the Seniors had flow of wit and feast
of soul and other qualities.

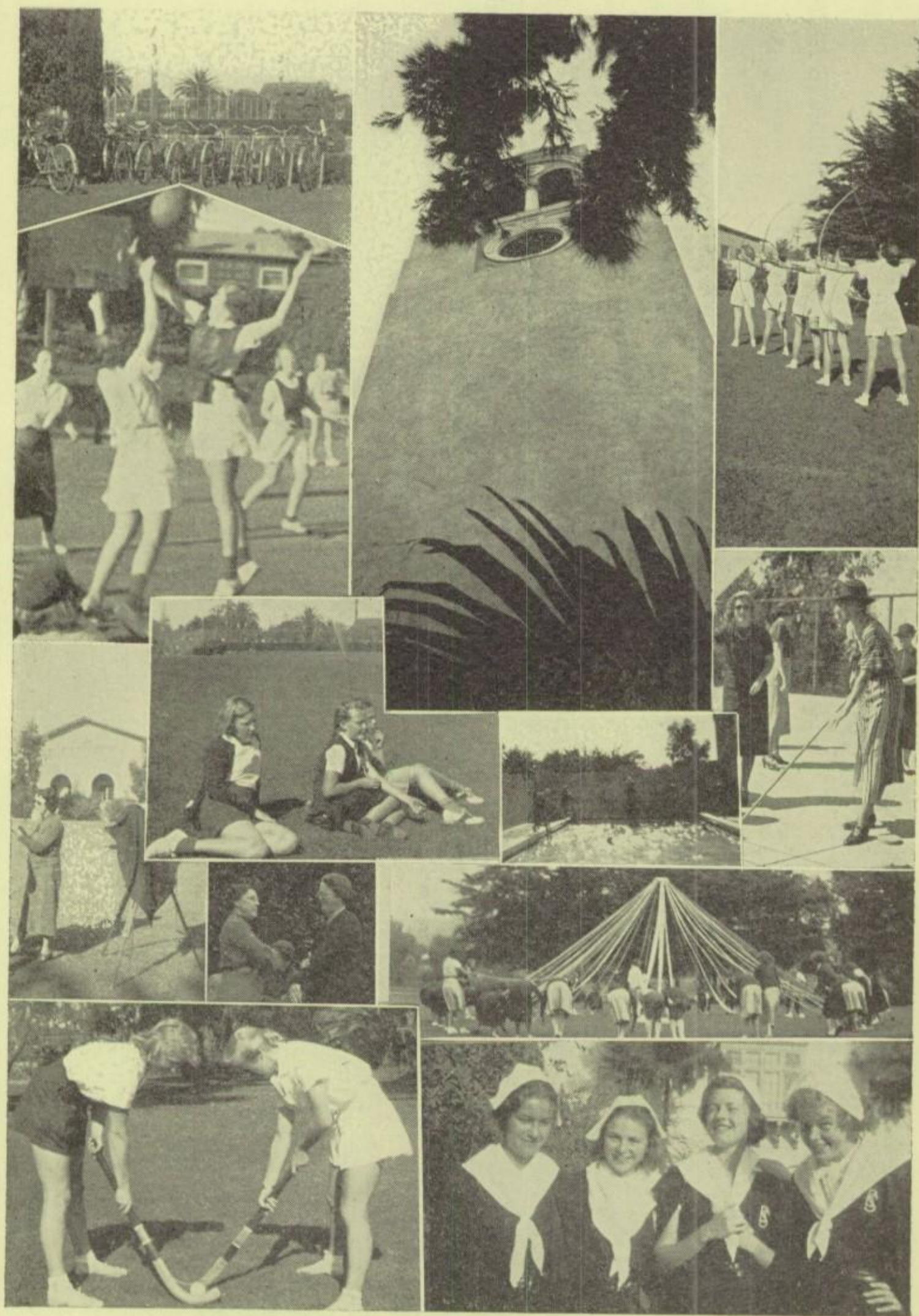
May

- 7 An Old English May Day was a festival with a Queen, a play, dancing
and many frivolities.
- 21 A New York play read by Beatrice Edmonds.
- 27 Track and swim meets—admiration for head ones. No dead ones.

June

- 8, 9, 10 Final examinations.
- 12 A Baccalaureate service with food for meditations.
- 13 Commencement, the long sought goal, attained;
The Bishop's reception and dance till the full moon waned.
The year has ended, and when seen in reverse,
It, like the Chronicle, might be verse.

SNAPS



SENIOR CHART

NAME	AGE	PAST	PRESENT	FUTURE	FAVORITE ANIMAL
Helen	23	average ?	tranquil ?	wild ?	sandpiper loon
Winnie	?	seasick	detached	attached	Australian honey bear
Dickie	25	snake-charmer	interim	soda-jerker	Douglas centipede
Douglas	12	dull	brighter	gay	cats
Nat	30	chorine	erratic	juicy	hart
J. B.	unknown	baby beautiful	hearty	spinster	pig
Theo	5	doggy	shaky	firm	owl
Toni	8	chiropractor	spring dancer	hermit	monkey
Mary	90	foreign	absent-minded	mislaid	horse
Honore	40	Colgate smile ad	giggly	knitter	baby hippopotamus
Beverly	70	Annapolis kindergarden	school song-bird	radio announcer	crooning seal
Gearing	4	the "Girl on the Police Gazette"	eye specialist	housewife	mink
Emmie	27				
Marjorie	6	hula girl	fishing	wife of city manager	buck
Janet	awkward age	tap dancer	hiatus	matronly	rabbit
Monda	18	10¢ a dance	torrid	reserved	leopard
Ann	7	pure foods baby	disinterested	Rhodes scholar	cock
Plaster	Sweet 16	baby doll	scientist	fatalist	"missing" lynx
Jane R.	"frankly 40"	efficiency expert	selling things	giving things away	cow
Ruth	15	toddlin'	truckin'	waitress	penguin
Peg	32	undertaker	pitcher	Pres. Alumnae Assn.	police dog
Frances L	45	problem child	developing	female Congress- woman of California	cheshire cat
Frances M	10	infant acrobat	language specialist (French)	hair stylist	doe
Dot	50	peaceful	no words	sales ad artist	dove
Willie	14	mother's little helper	blushing	high brow	ostrich
Jane M.	13	gang leader	lover of life	filibusterer	maggie

SENIOR WILL

DOROTHY SHORT leaves her frivolity to Patsy Marsh. Dot hasn't got it and Patsy doesn't need it.

TONI gives her lion's roar and size 10 shoe to any would-be he-man. Will Martha Dougherty please step up.

MARY bequeaths her lively alto to Pat Gibbs and advises against carrying it too far.

FRANCES L leaves her spontaneity to Merrill Willson.

NATALIE wills her whole-hearted enthusiasm to Pat Walker.

RUTH and ELEANOR donate their truckin' rhythm to "Egg on Toast" Torrey.

HELEN leaves her senior dignity to Capers.

JANE M wills her gift of gab to Louisa Gile.

BEVY leaves her tennis arm to Mary Jane.

WINNIE gives her private world to Georgette Richards.

FRANNIE wills her fluent French vocabulary to Lee Stewart.

MARJORIE leaves her system to Ann Boal.

MONDA wills her temperature to Nancy Nilon.

HONORE donates her Rubens figure to Dorothy Waite.

EMMIE leaves her "savoir faire" to Muffie Brewer.

JANET wills her nervous energy to Lee Goebel.

PEG leaves her delicate femininity to Jane Garland.

DOUGLAS bequeaths her mouse-like demeanor to Ros-A-lie Carpenter for safe keeping.

ANN entrusts her social graces to Betty Bernhard.

JANE REASONER wills her presiding smile to Janet Wanner.

JOSEPHINE ROBERTA gives her affectionate nature and little ways to June Sugg.

DICKIE leaves her Australian Interests to Kitty Doust.

PLACIDE leaves her indecision to Miss Mendum.

PEGGY wills her immaturity to Pat Tucker.

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Dorothea Cavitt Hawkins, A.B., Stanford University; University of California	English
Gertrude Bryce, A.B., Stanford University; University of Washington; M.A., University of California	History
Mary Catharine Brown, A.B., University of Minnesota; University of Chicago	Latin
Caroline Hendley Mendum, A.B., Mount Holyoke College	American History Mathematics
Mary Ober, A.B., Mount Holyoke College; Harvard University	Science
Jeanne Cheron, M.A., Columbia University; Diplome d'Etude Superieures r'Anglais, Sorbonne	French
Jeanne Nippel, University of Neuchatel; University of Toulouse, Barcelona	Spanish and French
Jean P. Hampton, Teachers' College	Lower School
Beulah M. Seeber, Milwaukee State Teachers' College	Lower School
Gretchen Steinbach, Pupil of Bruno Gortatowski, Berlin; Frau Agnes Kanter, Leipzig; Wynn Pyle, New York	Piano
Florence P. Andrews, Pupil of F. Arthur Henkel and Emil Winkler	Piano
Catherine Urner Shatto	Voice
Walter Wilson Boutelle	Pipe Organ
Alberta Jones	Dramatic and Lyric Expression
Margarete von Schumann, Pupil of F. Humber; L. Simon, Paris	German and Art
Margaret Deuel, B.S., Washington School of Physical Education	Physical Education
Frances L. Green, B.S., Boston School of Physical Education	Tennis
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